CONTENTS: AROUND ICE HAVEN • OUR CHILDREN AND THEIR FRIENDS • LEOPOLD AND LOEB • MELANCHOLY SERENADE • SEVENTEEN DAVID GOLDBERG IS MISSING • VIDA AND HER GRANDMOTHER • MR & MRS AMES • CHARLES • VIOLET IN LOVE • HARRY NAYBORS • ROCKY THE HOLE • SEERSUCKER • JULIE PATHETICSTEIN • MRS AMES • KIM LEE • OFFICER KAUFMAN • MOSQUITO • BLUE BUNNY TOILET TIME • CHARLES AND HIS THERAPIST • THE RANSOM NOTE • RANDOM WILDER, AGAIN • DAVID GOLDBERG IS ALIVE OUR CHILDREN REVISITED • ALONE FOREVER • VIDA GOES TO HOLLYWOOD AND MORE

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BY DANIEL CLOWES

ISSUE 22 NUMBER

29 STORIES IN FULL COLOR
ALL NEW CHARACTERS AND SITUATIONS

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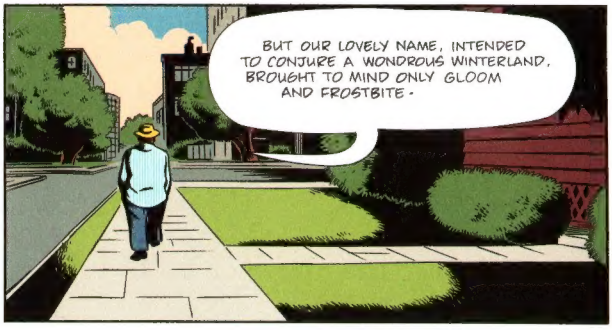
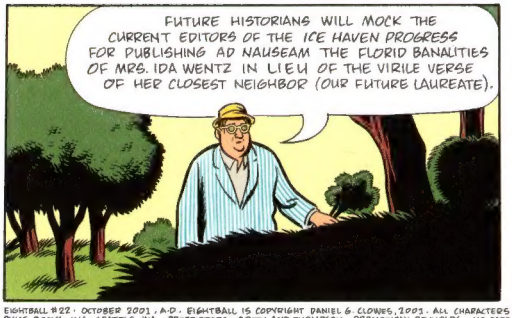
AROUND ICE HAVEN WITH RANDOM WILDER





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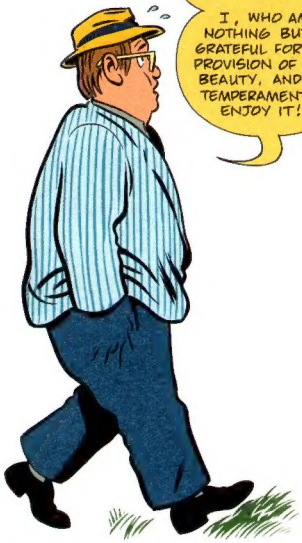
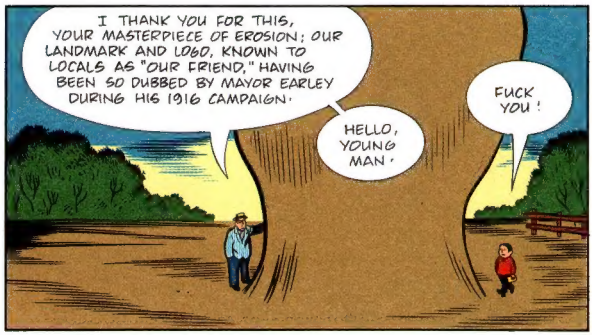
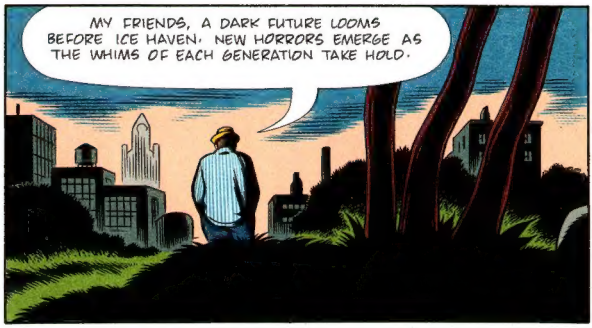
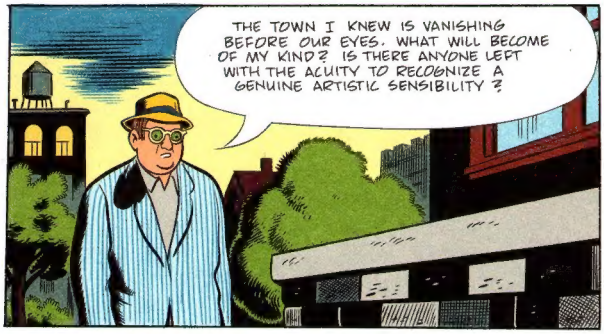

O PUCKISH GOD! HOW YOU CONFOUND ME!
I, WHO AM NOTHING BUT GRATEFUL FOR THE PROVISION OF SUCH BEAUTY, AND THE TEMPERAMENT TO ENJOY IT!


I THANK YOU FOR THIS, YOUR MASTERPIECE OF EROSION; OUR LANDMARK AND LOGO, KNOWN TO LOCALS AS "OUR FRIEND," HAVING BEEN SO DUBBED BY MAYOR EARLEY DURING HIS 1916 CAMPAIGN.
HELLO, YOUNG MAN.
FUCK YOU!

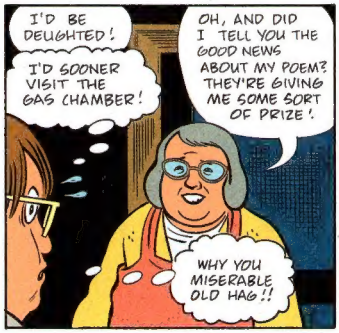

MY FRIENDS, A DARK FUTURE LOOMS BEFORE ICE HAVEN. NEW HORRORS EMERGE AS THE WHIMS OF EACH GENERATION TAKE HOLD.


THE TOWN I KNEW IS VANISHING BEFORE OUR EYES. WHAT WILL BECOME OF MY KIND? IS THERE ANYONE LEFT WITH THE ACUITY TO RECOGNIZE A GENUINE ARTISTIC SENSIBILITY?

OH DEAR GOD!
MISTER WILDER!

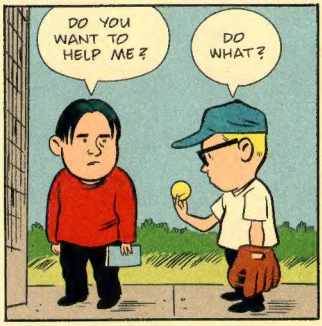
HELLO MRS. WENTZ!
OH MR. WILDER, I'M HAVING SUCH FUN! MY GRANDDAUGHTER IS COMING TOMORROW AND I SPENT THE DAY BAKING COOKIES!

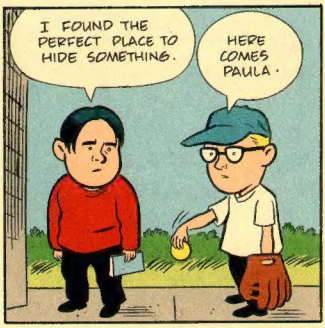
HOW LOVELY.
COOKIES! ARE THEY AS HALF-BAKED AS YOUR POEMS?
YOU WILL COME BY TO VISIT US, WON'T YOU MR. WILDER? SHE LOVES POETRY!


I'D BE DELIGHTED!
I'D SOONER VISIT THE GAS CHAMBER!
OH, AND DID I TELL YOU THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT MY POEM? THEY'RE GIVING ME SOME SORT OF PRIZE!
WHY YOU MISERABLE OLD HAG!!

Our Children
AND THEIR FRIENDS
GO ON DAVID, PLAY WITH CHARLES...
BOK BOK
THAT'S IT, DAVID... GO ON, HONEY...
BOK BOK BOK
PLAY WITH CHARLES, DAVID...
BOK BOK BOK
OH DAVID, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
BOK BOK BOK
PA-THOK
WERE YOU TALKING TO THAT DAVID GOLDBERG?
NO.
BOK BOK BOK
BOK BOK BOK
ARE YOU GOING TO PLAY FOR THE BABY GIANTS NEXT YEAR?
NO.
BOK BOK
ME NEITHER. SPORTS ARE IGNORANT.
DO YOU LIKE PAULA?
NO.
THUT
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T MADE LOVE TO HER.
BOK BOK

DO YOU BELIEVE THAT EVERYBODY'S EQUAL, OR THAT SOME PEOPLE ARE BETTER AND SHOULD DO WHATEVER THEY WANT?
I DON'T KNOW.

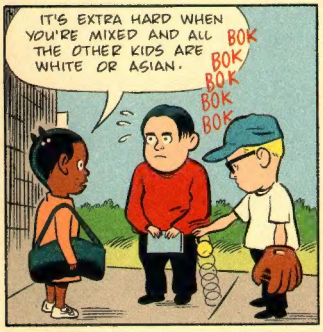

DO YOU WANT TO HELP ME?
DO WHAT?


I FOUND THE PERFECT PLACE TO HIDE SOMETHING.
HERE COMES PAULA.

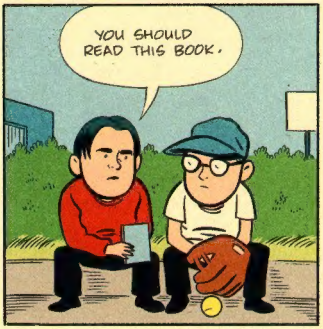
DON'T TELL HER WHAT I SAID OR I'LL PUSH YOU DOWN.

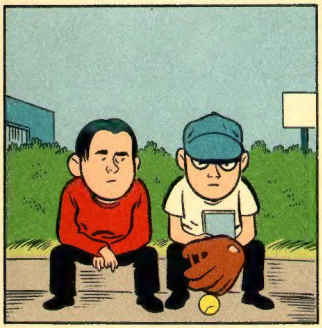
I CAN'T PLAY NOW. I'M GOING TO BALLET.
BOK BOK

I'M THE BEST IN THE CLASS FOR MY AGE.
BOK BOK BOK


IT'S EXTRA HARD WHEN YOU'RE MIXED AND ALL THE OTHER KIDS ARE WHITE OR ASIAN.
BOK BOK BOK BOK

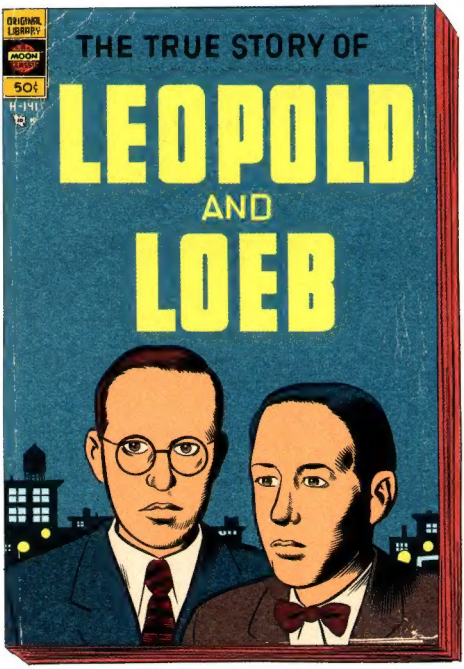
ARE YOU FRIENDS WITH THAT DAVID GOLDBERG?
NOT REALLY.


YOU SHOULD READ THIS BOOK.



DO YOU WANT TO FIGHT?
NO.

YEAH, FIGHTING'S GAY.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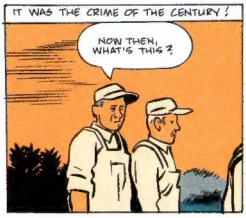
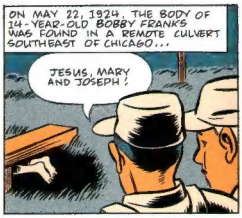
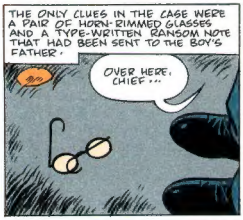
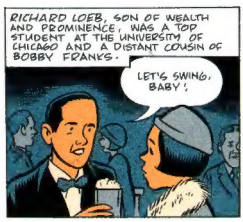
THE TRUE STORY OF
LEOPOLD
AND
LOEB


IT WAS THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY!
NOW THEN, WHAT'S THIS?

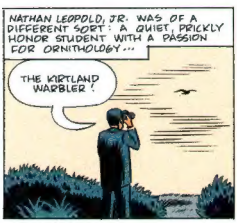

ON MAY 22, 1924, THE BODY OF 14-YEAR-OLD BOBBY FRANKS WAS FOUND IN A REMOTE CULVERT SOUTHEAST OF CHICAGO...
JESUS, MARY AND JOSEPH!


THE ONLY CLUES IN THE CASE WERE A PAIR OF HORN-RIMMED GLASSES AND A TYPE-WRITTEN RANSOM NOTE THAT HAD BEEN SENT TO THE BOY'S FATHER.
OVER HERE, CHIEF...

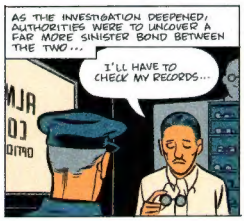
ALL OF CHICAGO WAS BAFFLED. WHY WOULD THIS MYSTERIOUS DEVIL HAVE KILLED YOUNG BOBBY WHEN MR. FRANKS HAD FULLY INTENDED TO COMPLY WITH HIS DEMANDS?
I'M SORRY, SIR...
OH DEAR GOD, JACOB, NO...

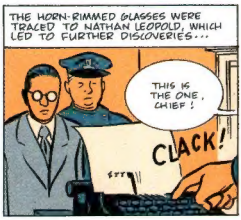

RICHARD LOEB, SON OF WEALTH AND PROMINENCE, WAS A TOP STUDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO AND A DISTANT COUSIN OF BOBBY FRANKS.
LET'S SWING, BABY!

KNOWN AS AN AFFABLE AND OBREGARIOUS FELLOW AROUND THE EXCLUSIVE HYDE PARK SECTION OF CHICAGO, LOEB TOOK A KEEN INTEREST IN THE FRANKS CASE.
WERE ANY OF HIS TEACHERS IN DEBT IF SO, YOU'VE GOT YOUR MAN...
DO I NOW?

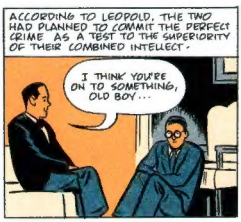

NATHAN LEOPOLD, JR. WAS OF A DIFFERENT SORT: A QUIET, PRICKLY HONOR STUDENT WITH A PASSION FOR ORNITHOLOGY...
THE KIRTLAND WARBLER!

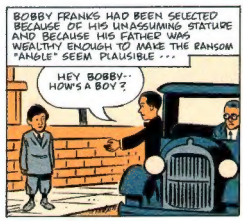
HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH LOEB WAS A COMPLEX AFFAIR, WITH LEOPOLD IN A DECIDEDLY SUBORDINATE ROLE TO HIS POPULAR COUNTERPART...
DOESN'T HE EVER SMILE?
WHAT DO YOU SEE IN HIM, DICKIE?
RICHARD, CAN WE PLEASE GO NOW!

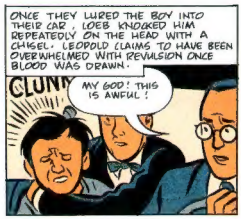

AS THE INVESTIGATION DEEPENED, AUTHORITIES WERE TO UNCOVER A FAR MORE SINISTER BOND BETWEEN THE TWO...
I'LL HAVE TO CHECK MY RECORDS...


THE HORN-RIMMED GLASSES WERE TRACED TO NATHAN LEOPOLD, WHICH LED TO FURTHER DISCOVERIES...
THIS IS THE ONE, CHIEF!
CLACK!

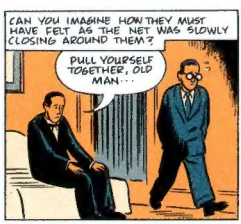
THE TWO BOYS WERE BROUGHT IN FOR QUESTIONING. THEIR ELABORATE ALIBI QUICKLY UNRAVELED, AND THEY WERE LEFT WITH NO RECOURSE BUT TO CONFESS AND PLEAD FOR MERCY.

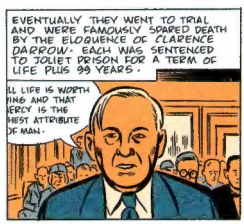

ACCORDING TO LEOPOLD, THE TWO HAD PLANNED TO COMMIT THE PERFECT CRIME AS A TEST TO THE SUPERIORITY OF THEIR COMBINED INTELLECT.
I THINK YOU'RE ON TO SOMETHING, OLD BOY...

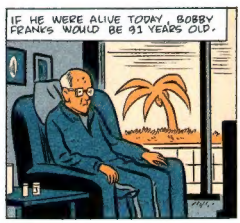

BOBBY FRANKS HAD BEEN SELECTED BECAUSE OF HIS UNASSUMING STATURE AND BECAUSE HIS FATHER WAS WEALTHY ENOUGH TO MAKE THE RANSOM "ANGLE" SEEM PLAUSIBLE...
HEY BOBBY.. HOW'S A BOY?


ONCE THEY LURED THE BOY INTO THEIR CAR, LOEB KNOCKED HIM REPEATEDLY ON THE HEAD WITH A CHISEL. LEOPOLD CLAIMS TO HAVE BEEN OVERWHELMED WITH REVULSION ONCE BLOOD WAS DRAWN.
CLUN
MY GOD! THIS IS AWFUL!

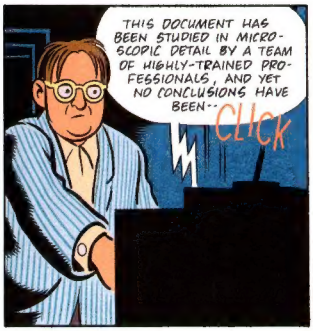
OF COURSE, IN LOEB'S VERSION IT WAS LEOPOLD WHO DELIVERED THE MURDER-BLOWS. NO MATTER: WHO COULD POSSIBLY SEPARATE THEIR CULPABILITY?


CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW THEY MUST HAVE FELT AS THE NET WAS SLOWLY CLOSING AROUND THEM?
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, OLD MAN...

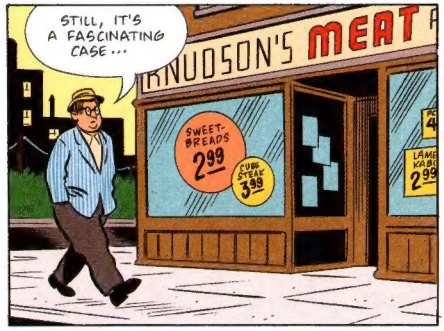

EVENTUALLY THEY WENT TO TRIAL AND WERE FAMOUSLY SPARED DEATH BY THE ELOQUENCE OF CLARENCE DARROW. EACH WAS SENTENCED TO JOLIET PRISON FOR A TERM OF LIFE PLUS 99 YEARS.
LL LIFE IS WORTH
ING AND THAT
ERCY IS THE
EST ATTRIBUTE
OF MAN.

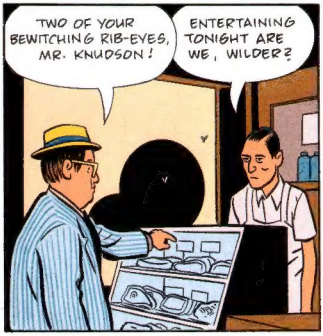

IF HE WERE ALIVE TODAY, BOBBY FRANKS WOULD BE 91 YEARS OLD.

MELANCHOLY SERENADE
...FOREMOST AMONG THE VARIOUS CLUES IS THE ALLEGED "RANSOM NOTE," WHICH SEVERAL EXPERTS BELIEVE TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY JONBENET'S MOTHER PATSY...

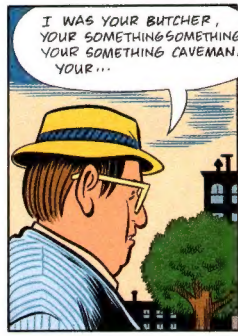

THIS DOCUMENT HAS BEEN STUDIED IN MICROSCOPIC DETAIL BY A TEAM OF HIGHLY-TRAINED PROFESSIONALS, AND YET NO CONCLUSIONS HAVE BEEN...
CLICK

IS THAT WHAT IT TAKES TO GET A CAREFUL READING OF YOUR WORK THESE DAYS-- CHILD MURDER?


STILL, IT'S A FASCINATING CASE...
KNUDSON'S MEAT
SWEET-BREADS 2.99
RUMP STEAK 3.99


TWO OF YOUR BEWITCHING RIB-EYES, MR. KNUDSON!
ENTERTAINING TONIGHT ARE WE, WILDER?

THAT'S RIGHT!


I WAS YOUR BUTCHER, YOUR SOMETHINGSOMETHING, YOUR SOMETHING CAVEMAN... YOUR...

I WAS YOUR BUTCHER, SOMETHINGSOMETHING, SOMETHING SLAUGHTER...
SIGH
WHY CAN'T I CONCENTRATE?

IF THE PUBLIC ONLY HAD A CHANCE TO READ MY POEMS... HOW COULD THEY EVER AGAIN FIND MERIT IN THE LIKES OF MRS. WENTZ AND HER TIRESOME BEGONIAS?
SIZZLE

WHICH ONE SHALL I WATCH TONIGHT?
HA!

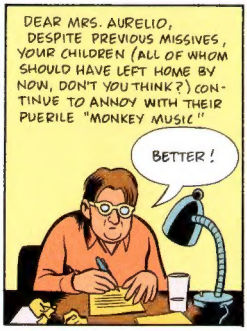
WHADDYA HAVE TO BE, AN EINSTEIN TO OPEN UP A HOTDOG STAND? IT RUNS BY ITSELF!
LISTEN, RALPH...
SHEER PERFECTION!

I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU
BLANNG BLA
WHAT!

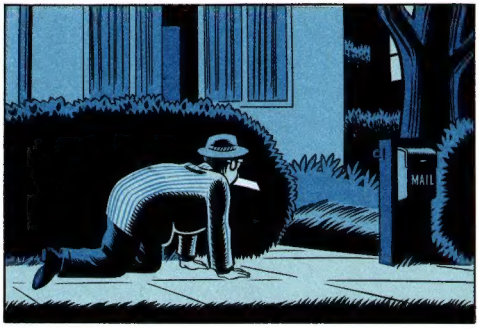
GOD DAMN THEM!
BLA BI

TSK! TIME FOR ANOTHER NOTE!
BLANG BI

DEAR MRS. AURELIO, I WOULD LIKE TO STRANGLE YOUR HORRIBLE, INSOLENT CHILDREN
EASY, WILDER...


DEAR MRS. AURELIO, DESPITE PREVIOUS MISSIVES, YOUR CHILDREN (ALL OF WHOM SHOULD HAVE LEFT HOME BY NOW, DON'T YOU THINK?) CONTINUE TO ANNOY WITH THEIR PUERILE "MONKEY MUSIC!"
BETTER!

MUCH LATER...
AND SO YOU CAN SEE THAT I SPEAK FOR THE ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD WHEN I CALL FOR THIS "BEAT-A-DIDDLE" MUSIC TO STOP AT ONCE!
SIGNED, A NEIGHBOR
DONE.


MAIL

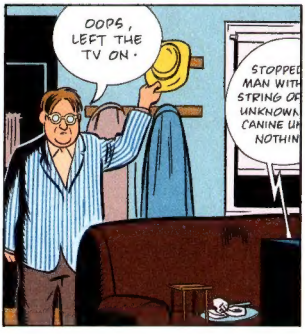
OOF!

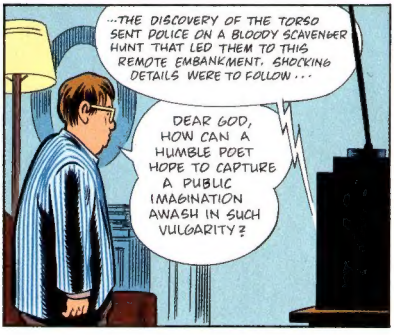
AN ANONYMOUS NOTE SPEAKS FOR EVERYONE!

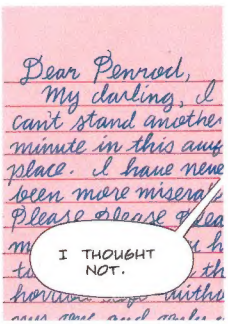
WHAT'S THIS? A LIGHT AT THE WENTZ PLACE--AT THIS HOUR?

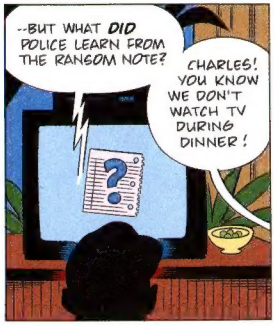
WHO COULD IT BE? HER GRAND-DAUGHTER?

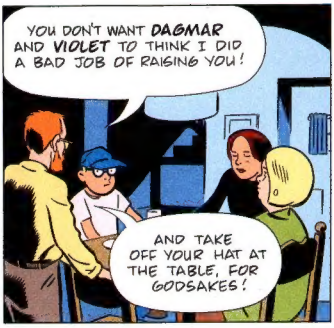
SHE'S KIND OF A HOMELY GIRL, ISN'T SHE...

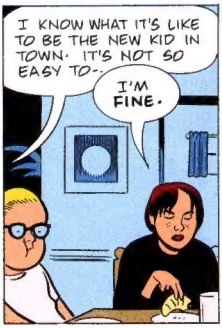

OOPS, LEFT THE TV ON.
STOPPED MAN WITH STRING OF UNKNOWN CANINE UN NOTHIN


...THE DISCOVERY OF THE TORSO SENT POLICE ON A BLOODY SCAVENGER HUNT THAT LED THEM TO THIS REMOTE EMBANKMENT. SHOCKING DETAILS WERE TO FOLLOW...
DEAR GOD, HOW CAN A HUMBLE POET HOPE TO CAPTURE A PUBLIC IMAGINATION AWASH IN SUCH VULGARITY?







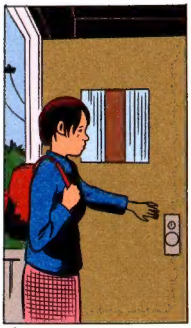


I don't know who I hate more, my mothe or Paul (step-father). What am I doing here I don't even know th people! Why is she doing this to me? Why are we apart? What kind of woma marries some stupid jerk she met on the internet?

my new brother Charles is okay, though. He's kind of like you: quiet and intense.

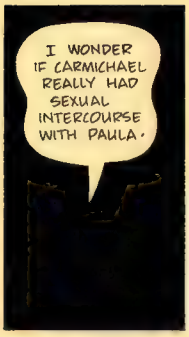
Penrod, I think th only reason my mothe hates you is because af that time you droppe me off after the cookou and not so much tha you're an "old man" She really doesn't ha a clue about us. St doesn't believe that I'm still a virgin, a that I care what s

I'm scared, Penrod What if he rapes me?



WE ALWAYS USED TO WATCH TV DURING DINNER! EVERY NIGHT!

HE'S A TOTAL FAKER!


I WONDER IF CARMICHAEL REALLY HAD SEXUAL INTERCOURSE WITH PAULA.

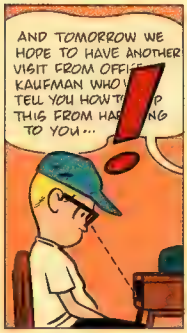
OH, BABY!

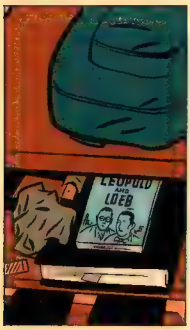
THE Ice Haven DAILY Progress
DAVID GOLDBERG IS MISSING

I'M SURE YOU ALL UNDERSTAND HOW SERIOUS THIS IS...

IF ANY OF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION ABOUT DAVID, YOU NEED TO TELL IT TO ME OR PRINCIPAL JAFFE IMMEDIATELY...

AFTER LUNCH TODAY THERE WILL BE AN ASSEMBLY WITH NURSE HEALY WHO WILL TALK TO US ABOUT COPING WITH GRIEF AND TERROR ...

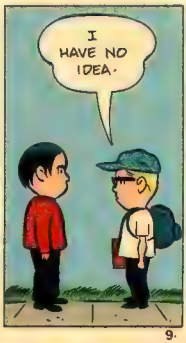

AND TOMORROW WE HOPE TO HAVE ANOTHER VISIT FROM OFFI KAUFMAN WHO TELL YOU HOW T P THIS FROM HA NG TO YOU...
!


LEOPOLD AND LOEB

CHARLES!

I GUESS YOU HEARD ABOUT YOUR LITTLE FRIEND.

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

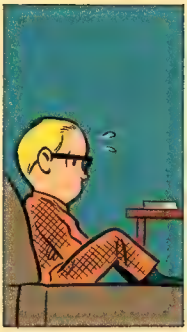

I HAVE NO IDEA.

YEAH, WELL-- MY DAD'S A COP AND HE SAID IT'S A PERFECT CRIME!

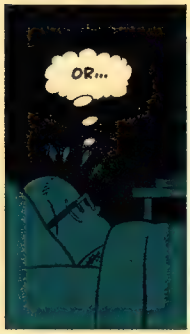
DID YOU READ THAT BOOK YET?

SOME OF IT.

IT'S PRETTY COOL, HUH?



NOW YOU KNOW TOO MUCH-- I'M GOING TO HAVE TO KILL YOU TOO!
NO HARD FEELINGS, THOUGH.


OR...

WHY DO YOU HAVE THIS BOOK? I SUSPECT YOU'RE IN CAHOOTS WITH THE MURDERER!
LEOPOLD AND LOEB

SHRED
SHRED

=SIGH=

DO YOU LIKE IT, BABY? UGH! UGH!
OH YEAH. UGH!

Dear friend, just to get you up to date on all things related to me, here is a brief recap of my recent history:

I am in Ice Haven, living in humble exile with my grandmother Ida, a local poetess of reknown ("Mauve Begonias," 1978).

DO YOU REALLY LIKE THESE?

VIDA AND HER

GRANDMOTHER

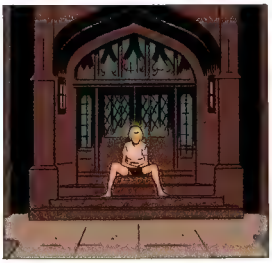
I have no friends here (oh joy!), and am very much in love with my darling Ida. It's a happy time for me.

TSK! THEY STILL HAVEN'T FOUND THAT LITTLE BOY!

I have achieved what Mary Madame calls "a truly wonderful state of miserable morbid unhappiness," and I only hope I can describe it to you accurately.

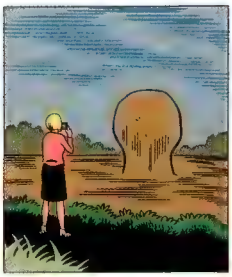
Those of you who read the first issue of my magazine (thus far available only at Pete's Books in Ice Haven; zero copies sold) will recall that I grew up in Chicago and attended a well-regarded private school on the south side.

From there (forgive me for repeating myself) I spent four years at a prestigious University and then a year in New York, where no one showed any interest whatsoever in my poetry ("too prose-y") or my short fiction ("hard to swallow").



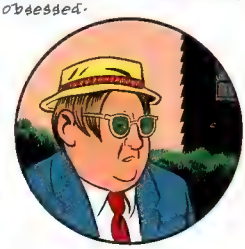
Also I had my first (and last) "serious" "relationship" with a "man" & was soundly forsaken (see issue #1 for details).

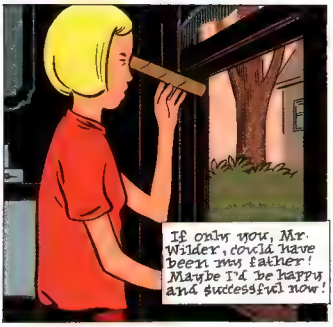
I have assigned myself the weekly output of one 16-page magazine (prose and poetry). The second issue was to have been subtitled "Ice Haven for Beginners," but I was derailed by an unexpected discovery.



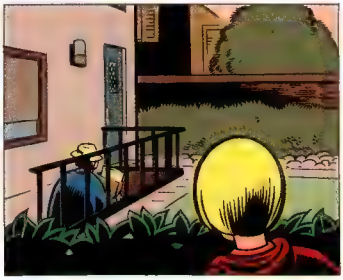
I came across on Ida's desk some poems -- a series of nearly identical elegies to Ice Haven (beaten to the draw!) written in a pompous, disagreeable voice & replete with unexpected references (The Honeymooners) (over & over & over) and oblique language.

They turned out to have been written by our bachelor neighbor, an owlish oddity with whom I'm currently obsessed.





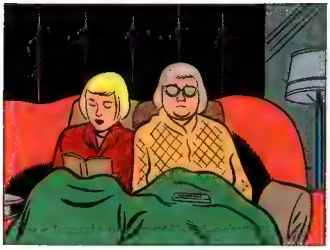
I was able to follow him one day (it's boring waiting around for people to leave the house!) and it was great: He went to Friedman's Foods and bought 2 giant bags of potato chips and put them in his basement.



After that, I went to check on my sales: still exactly zero, dear reader pal.

So that's why this week's issue is "All About Wilder." Next week, if all goes as planned, I'll get to the Ice Haven special.

If you have received any of my magazines in the mail, you are either on my "comp" list (i.e. I like you), or you work in the mailroom at Time, People, Seventeen, US, Vogue, or Newsweek. It's my dream to get a tiny (one paragraph) mention/profile/review in one of those magazines. Please help a young girl fulfill her dream.



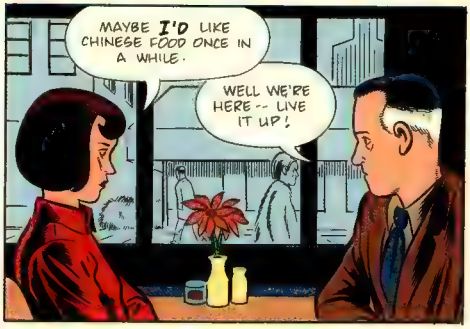
I am still waiting for a response from Russell Edson (I sent him the first issue over a week ago), and learned, with great sadness, that Crockett Johnson is dead (before I was born, even).

Tomorrow I will begin this issue, the issue that you, my dearest friend, are now reading.

MR. & MRS. AMES

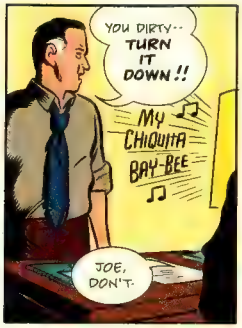
DETECTIVES FOR HIRE

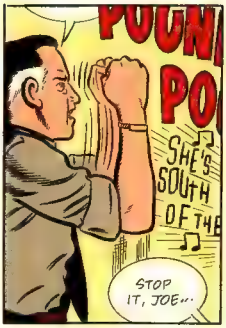
IT WAS 2 PM. WE HAD BEEN CALLED TO **ICE HAVEN** BY MRS. NATALIE GOLDBERG TO INVESTIGATE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HER SON...



AT 2:13 WE MET WITH OFFICER KAUFMAN OF THE LHPD. HE GAVE US SEVERAL LEADS AND A COPY OF THE RANSOM NOTE -- IT WAS A WEIRDIE.

WE WENT BACK TO THE HOTEL WHERE I FAXED THE NOTE TO OUR LAB GUYS. AFTER DINNER, I SAT DOWN TO TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT IT MYSELF. IT WAS 8:40 PM...

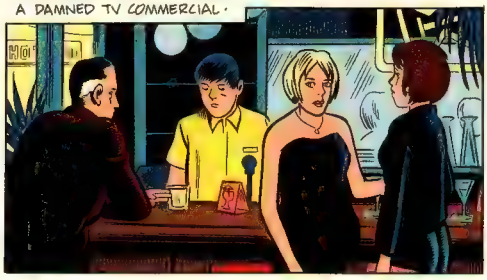


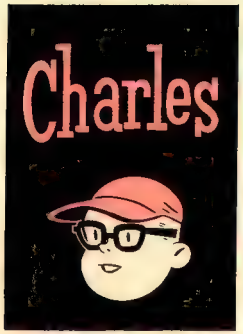


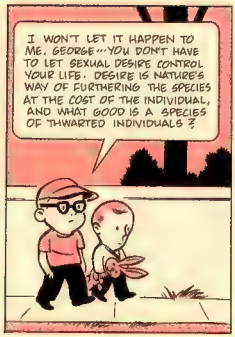
I HAVE ALWAYS TRIED TO OBEY THE LAW AND TO SEE TO IT THAT MY PRESENCE IS IN NO WAY OBTRUSIVE TO THOSE AROUND ME. IN RETURN, I EXPECT FROM OTHERS THE SAME COURTESY.

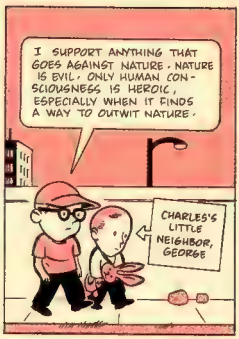
YOU WOULD THINK THAT ALL OF THE DISCUSSIONS BETWEEN MRS. AMES AND MYSELF IN REGARD TO THIS MATTER WOULD HAVE HAD SOME EFFECT ON MY ACTIONS. WHO COULD BLAME HER FOR WALKING OUT?

I NEED TO WATCH MYSELF AND KEEP MY EMOTIONS IN CHECK, BECAUSE DEEP DOWN I'M REALLY A VERY EMOTIONAL PERSON. HELL, I CAN CRY LIKE A BABY OVER A DAMNED TV COMMERCIAL.



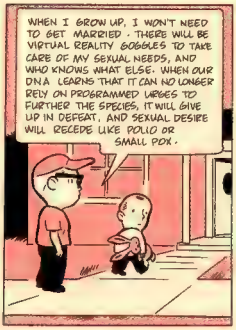

Charles


I WON'T LET IT HAPPEN TO ME, GEORGE -- YOU DON'T HAVE TO LET SEXUAL DESIRE CONTROL YOUR LIFE. DESIRE IS NATURE'S WAY OF FURTHERING THE SPECIES AT THE COST OF THE INDIVIDUAL, AND WHAT GOOD IS A SPECIES OF THWARTED INDIVIDUALS?

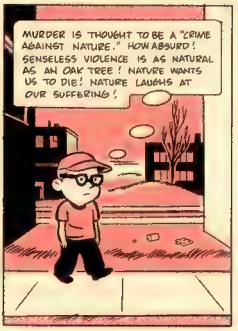

I SUPPORT ANYTHING THAT GOES AGAINST NATURE. NATURE IS EVIL. ONLY HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS IS HEROIC, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT FINDS A WAY TO OUTWIT NATURE.
CHARLES'S LITTLE NEIGHBOR, GEORGE

HAVE YOU EVER WITNESSED A SPECTACLE AS AWFUL AS THAT OF A NOBLE STALLION BEING ATTACKED BY A SWARM OF HORSEFLIES? THE POOR BEAST, UNABLE TO ELUDE THE BLOOD-SUCKERS, CAN DO NOTHING BUT SUFFER AS THEY HAVE THEIR WAY WITH HIM -- THAT'S NATURE!

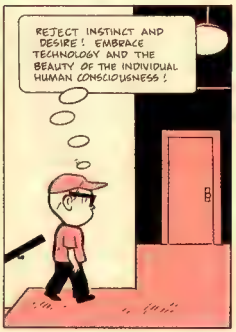
NATURE IS NOT BEAUTIFUL. ONLY THE ARTIFICIAL AND THE MAN-MADE CAN BE TRULY BEAUTIFUL.
GEORGE!

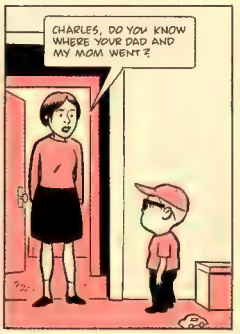

WHEN I GROW UP, I WON'T NEED TO GET MARRIED. THERE WILL BE VIRTUAL REALITY GOGGLES TO TAKE CARE OF MY SEXUAL NEEDS, AND WHO KNOWS WHAT ELSE. WHEN OUR DNA LEARNS THAT IT CAN NO LONGER RELY ON PROGRAMMED URGES TO FURTHER THE SPECIES, IT WILL GIVE UP IN DEFEAT, AND SEXUAL DESIRE WILL RECEDE LIKE POLIO OR SMALL POX.

WILL THIS PUT AN END TO OUR ONGOING SELF-DESTRUCTION? DOES ALL VIOLENCE RISE FROM DISTORTED SEXUAL IMPULSES? AND WHAT IS THE EQUIVALENT OF VIRTUAL REALITY WHEN IT COMES TO REROUTING VIOLENT INCLINATIONS?
BYE CHARLES!


MURDER IS THOUGHT TO BE A "CRIME AGAINST NATURE." HOW ABSURD! SENSELESS VIOLENCE IS AS NATURAL AS AN OAK TREE! NATURE WANTS US TO DIE! NATURE LAUGHS AT OUR SUFFERING!

IF WE, BELIEVING IN OUR OWN VIRTUE, FIND OURSELVES IN A PITILESS UNIVERSE THAT FAVORS CRUELTY AND MAYHEM, WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO UPSET IN WHATEVER WAY WE CAN THE STRUCTURE OF THAT UNIVERSE!


REJECT INSTINCT AND DESIRE! EMBRACE TECHNOLOGY AND THE BEAUTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS!

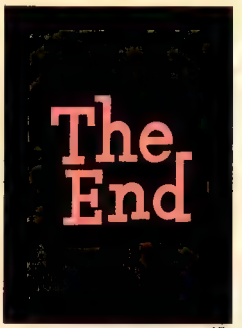

CHARLES, DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR DAD AND MY MOM WENT?

THE EYE DOCTOR'S
DO YOU KNOW WHEN THEY'LL BE BACK?

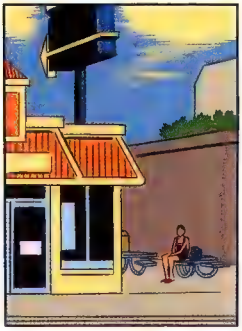
6:00
THANKS.

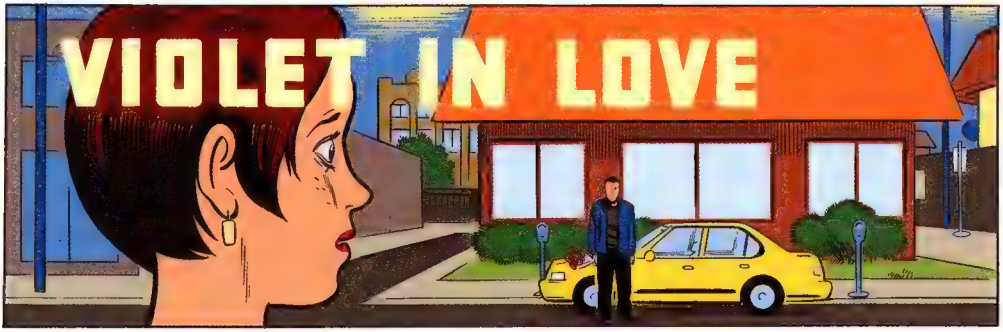
CLICK

HOW CAN I HAVE THE STRENGTH TO ENDURE WHEN I KNOW THAT SHE WILL NEVER RECOGNIZE THE DEPTH OF MY LONGING?


The End

I EXPECT TO SEE YOU HOME BY 3:30, VIOLET.
NOT TODAY-- I HAVE FRENCH CLUB UNTIL SIX, REMEMBER?




VIOLET IN LOVE

E HAVEN
OTEL

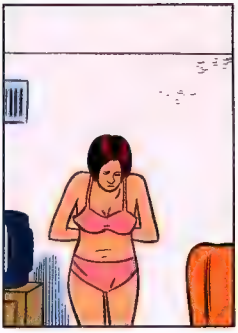
NO, PENROD...

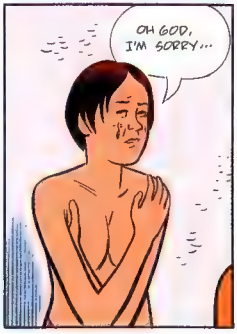
VIOLET... I CAME ALL THIS WAY TO SEE YOU...

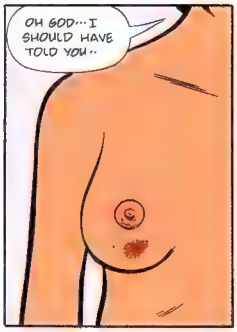
I KNOW IT'S STUPID, BUT I WANT US TO GET MARRIED FIRST.

I'LL MARRY YOU WHENEVER YOU WANT.

YOU REALLY WILL?



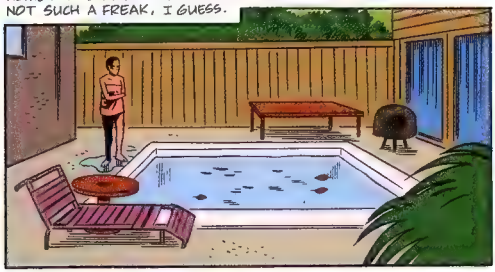

OH GOD, I'M SORRY...

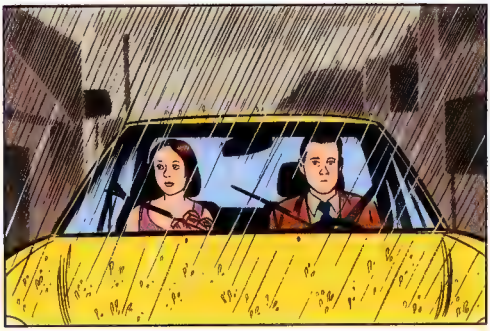


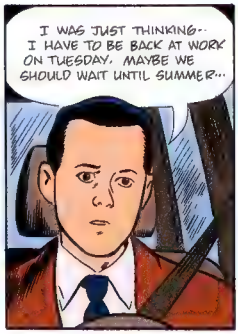
THE FIRST THING I DID WHEN I GOT HOME WAS I WENT THROUGH ALL OF MY STUFF. I THREW AWAY ALL OF MY STUPID CDS AND MAGAZINES, AND ABOUT TWO THIRDS OF MY CLOTHES.

THE NEXT DAY I WENT OUT AND BOUGHT A CD OF FREDERIC CHOPIN, MOSTLY FOR "NOCTURNE #9" WHICH IS MY FAVORITE. I FEEL LIKE THIS MUSIC IS CLEANSING ME OF ALL THE CRAP IN MY LIFE UP TO THIS POINT. IT'S LIKE LISTENING TO ICE WATER.

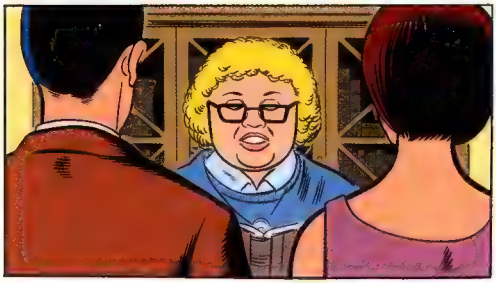
THE FOLLOWING MORNING I GOT UP EARLY AND WENT OVER TO THE ALTMANS', WHO WERE ALWAYS ON VACATION, AND WENT SWIMMING NAKED IN THEIR POOL (WHICH WAS TOTALLY FREEZING!). THEN I WENT HOME AND STUDIED MYSELF IN THE MIRROR FOR A LONG TIME. I'M NOT SUCH A FREAK, I GUESS.



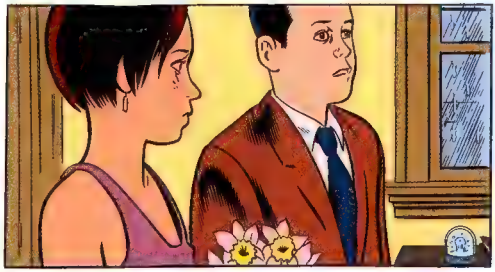




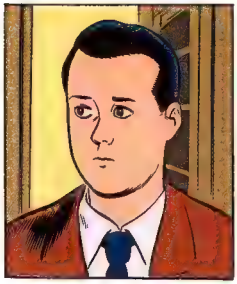
I GUESS I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU BUT MY LIFE HAS BEEN PRETTY HORRIBLE UP TO THIS POINT. MY REAL DAD LEFT WHEN I WAS LIKE FOUR AND MY MOM IS PRETTY MUCH A TOTAL SELFISH BITCH.



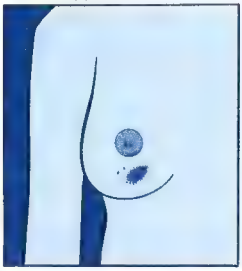
MY FRIEND JULIE THINKS IT'S CRAZY TO GET MARRIED, BUT SHE'S KIND OF BIASED AGAINST MEN. I DON'T KNOW, I MEAN, I DON'T BELIEVE IN GOD AND ALL THAT, BUT DESPITE ALL THE CRAP I'VE BEEN THROUGH IN MY LIFE, I STILL BELIEVE IN TRUE LOVE.



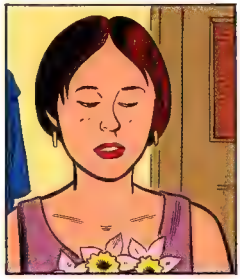
I'M SURE THAT SOUNDS REALLY STUPID, BUT I REALLY DO. SO MAYBE I'M STUPID.

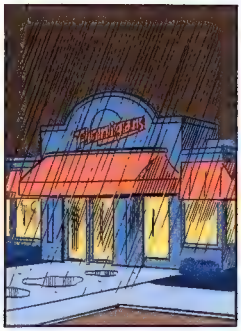


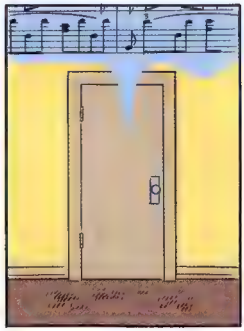
MAYBE THIS IS A BIG MISTAKE. I WONDER WHAT PENROD IS THINKING? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING, PENROD?

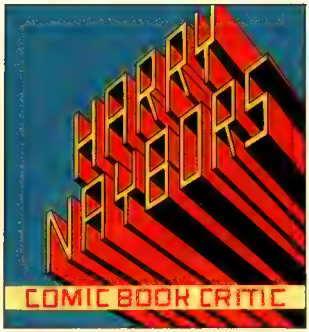


I GUESS HE WOULDN'T BE HERE IF HE DIDN'T REALLY LOVE ME. I LOVE YOU TOO, PENROD.



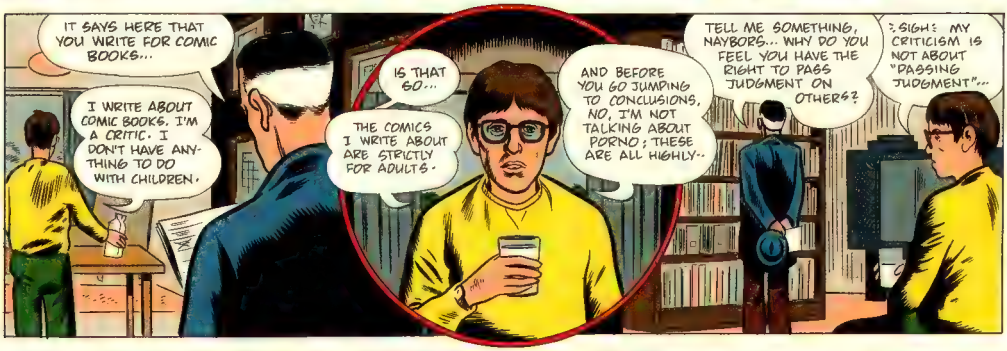


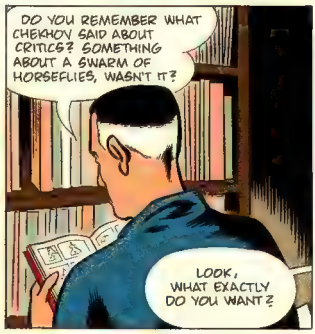


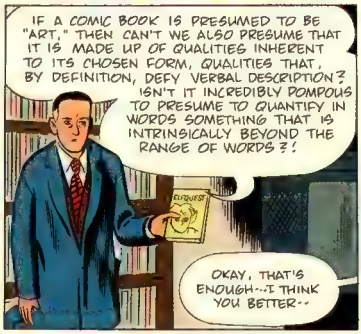

HARRY NAYBORS
COMIC BOOK CRITIC

LOOK, WHY DO YOU PEOPLE KEEP HASSLING ME? I DIDN'T KNOW THE CHILD...
I'M NOT WITH THE POLICE, NAYBORS... I JUST WANT TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS...

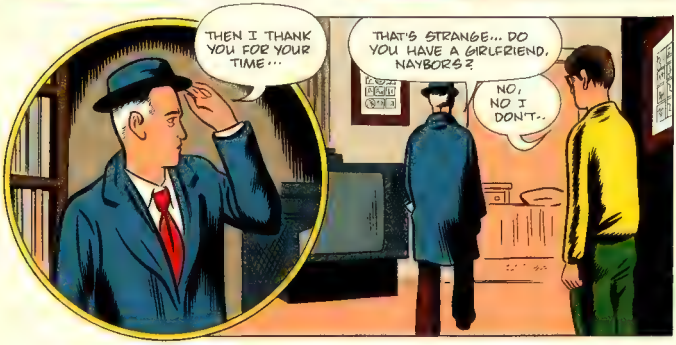
YOU WRITE BOOKS FOR KIDS, IS THAT CORRECT?
NO, IT IS NOT.


IT SAYS HERE THAT YOU WRITE FOR COMIC BOOKS...
I WRITE ABOUT COMIC BOOKS. I'M A CRITIC. I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH CHILDREN.
IS THAT SO...
THE COMICS I WRITE ABOUT ARE STRICTLY FOR ADULTS.
AND BEFORE YOU GO JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS, NO, I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT PORNO; THESE ARE ALL HIGHLY...
TELL ME SOMETHING, NAYBORS... WHY DO YOU FEEL YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO PASS JUDGMENT ON OTHERS?
:SIGH: MY CRITICISM IS NOT ABOUT "PASSING JUDGMENT"...


DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT CHEKHOV SAID ABOUT CRITICS? SOMETHING ABOUT A SWARM OF HORSEFLIES, WASN'T IT?
LOOK, WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU WANT?

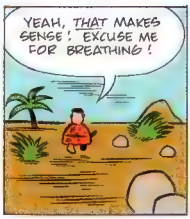

IF A COMIC BOOK IS PRESUMED TO BE "ART," THEN CAN'T WE ALSO PRESUME THAT IT IS MADE UP OF QUALITIES INHERENT TO ITS CHOSEN FORM, QUALITIES THAT, BY DEFINITION, DEFY VERBAL DESCRIPTION? ISN'T IT INCREDIBLY POMPOUS TO PRESUME TO QUANTIFY IN WORDS SOMETHING THAT IS INTRINSICALLY BEYOND THE RANGE OF WORDS?!
ELOQUEST
OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH...I THINK YOU BETTER...

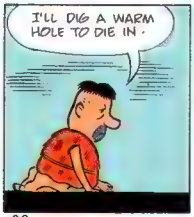
DID YOU EVER, TO YOUR KNOWLEDGE, TALK TO THE GOLDBERG BOY, MR. NAYBORS?
NO, NOW LOOK...


THEN I THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME...
THAT'S STRANGE... DO YOU HAVE A GIRLFRIEND, NAYBORS?
NO, NO I DON'T...

MY WIFE HAS THE VERY SAME BARRETTE...

ROCKY
100,000 B.C.





THE HOLE

I'M GOING TO TELL YOU EVERYTHING, CHARLES... THIS IS THE WAY IT ALL WENT DOWN...

I KILLED DAVID GOLDBERG.

I KILLED HIM BECAUSE HE WAS A FAG AND A RETARD.

HERE HE IS, CHARLES...
I KILLED HIM AND I THREW HIM IN THIS HOLE.

I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU, CHARLES, BECAUSE I KNOW YOU UNDERSTAND THAT IF YOU TELL ANYONE I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU TOO.

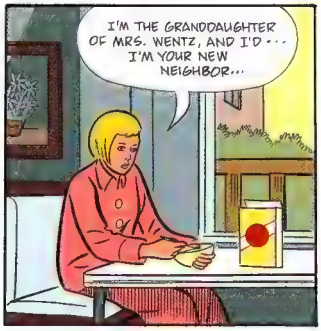
MY DAD'S A COP... I'LL GET AWAY WITH IT.

ARE YOU DONE WITH THAT BOOK? I WANT THAT BOOK.

YOU BETTER STILL HAVE IT; THAT'S MY DAD'S... IT'S WORTH A THOUSAND DOLLARS...
THOK

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE SEEING ME AROUND MUCH FOR AWHILE...
ARE YOU RUNNING AWAY?

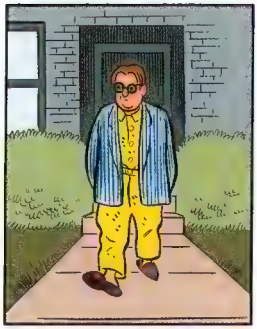
NAW, I'VE GOT HEBREW CAMP.


I'M THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF MRS. WENTZ, AND I'D... I'M YOUR NEW NEIGHBOR...

I'M A BIG FAN OF YOUR WORK AND I'D LIKE TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS TOKEN OF MY ESTEEM... PRESENT TO YOU THIS...

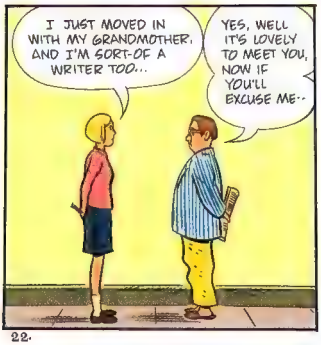
I'M A STRUGGLING WRITER, AND I'D LIKE FOR YOU TO... I'M A BIG FAN OF YOU... OF YOUR WRITING, AND I...

SEERSUCKER

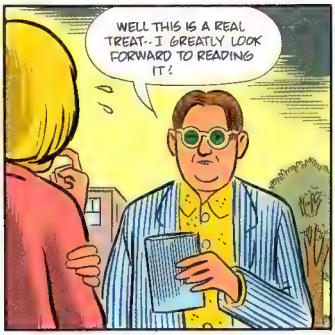


MISTER WILDER?
GAHH!

HI... HELLO, MR. WILDER, I'M VIDA, MRS. WENTZ'S GRANDDAUGHTER...
OH YES... WELL, YOU SEE, I..


I JUST MOVED IN WITH MY GRANDMOTHER, AND I'M SORT-OF A WRITER TOO...
YES, WELL IT'S LOVELY TO MEET YOU, NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME..

I'D LIKE TO PRESENT THIS TO YOU AS A TOKEN OF MY ESTEEM. IT'S ALL-- IT'S JUST MY STUPID WRITING... I MEAN..
OH, WHY THAT'S VERY NICE!


WELL THIS IS A REAL TREAT.. I GREATLY LOOK FORWARD TO READING IT!

BAH! HASN'T ONE MRS. WENTZ DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE TO THE WORLD OF LETTERS?
TOSS

MUST HER BEFOULED LINEAGE CARRY FORTH THE TRADITION?
THE WEEKLY #3
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
ICE HAVEN SPECIAL

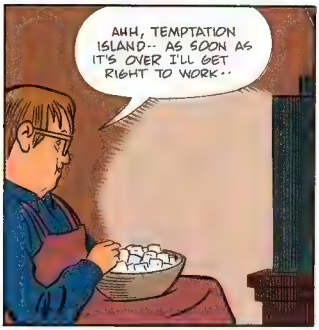
NOTHING!

WORTHLESS RAG!
SALE
THUK

TODAY I MUST BEGIN A SCHEDULE OF FOCUSSED AND LUCID DAILY WRITING. I MUST CLEAR MY MIND OF ALL DISTRACTIONS.

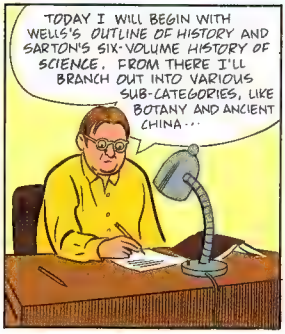
I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CONCENTRATE FULLY UNTIL I FINISH CLEANING THE BIRD-BATH.

AFTER THIS, I'LL EAT A QUICK DINNER AND THEN STRAIGHT TO WORK!

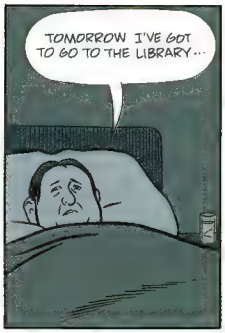

AHH, TEMPTATION ISLAND-- AS SOON AS IT'S OVER I'LL GET RIGHT TO WORK--

MY LIFE IS FADING AWAY. THE DAYS SPEED BY IN A BLUR. HOW CAN I HAVE WASTED SO MUCH TIME?

HOW MUCH COULD I HAVE ACCOMPLISHED IF I HAD PUT MY TIME TO BETTER USE? I DON'T KNOW ABOUT ANYTHING BUT POETRY! WHAT HAVE I DONE WITH MY LIFE? I HAVE TO FILL EVERY REMAINING SECOND WITH INTENSIVE STUDY AND WORK...


TODAY I WILL BEGIN WITH WELLS'S OUTLINE OF HISTORY AND SARTON'S SIX-VOLUME HISTORY OF SCIENCE. FROM THERE I'LL BRANCH OUT INTO VARIOUS SUB-CATEGORIES, LIKE BOTANY AND ANCIENT CHINA...

AS SOON AS I FINISH THIS, I'LL GO STRAIGHT TO THE LIBRARY...
PSSSHHHHHH


TOMORROW I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE LIBRARY...

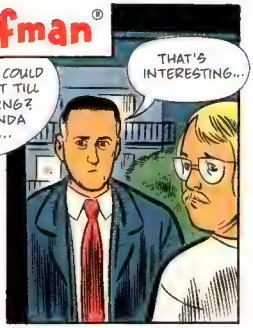
NEXT UP-- TEMPTATION ISLAND...
DEAR GOD, CAN A WEEK HAVE GONE BY ALREADY??

Julie Pathetic Stein

Mrs. Ames

Kim Lee

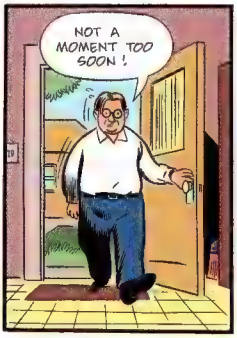
Officer Kaufman®

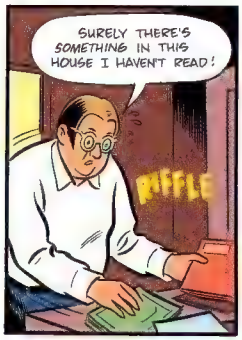


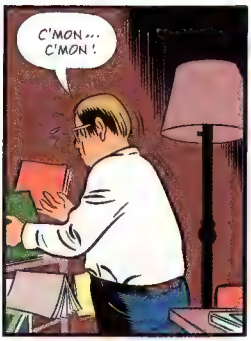
IF ONLY YOU COULD UNDERSTAND, GEORGE... BUT HOW COULD YOU?
"MOSQUITO"
HOW COULD ANYONE KNOW THE DEPTH OF MY FRUSTRATION, MY LONGING, MY GUILT?
AM I AN INSENSITIVE COWARD OR AN INHUMAN BEAST?
WHILE VAIN HOPE ENDURES, I REMAIN MUTE IN ORDER TO FORESTALL ACCUSALS OF LEOPOLDISH COMPLICITY.
DOES THE FORCED REVELATION OF MY INNER NATURE EXPOSE THE WORKINGS OF A DAMNABLE BRUTE?
A TOWN FIXATES ON THIS TRAGIC MYSTERY, WHOSE TERRIBLE SOLUTION I ALONE MUST BEAR, AND STILL MY DEBASED THOUGHTS ARE MUDDIED WITH PANGS OF THWARTED DESIRE!
FIVE MONTHS AGO, THERE WAS PLACED IN MY HOME THE SUBJECT OF MY MOST PASSIONATE EMPATHY:
POUND
A CREATURE OF INFINITE CHARM FROM WHOM I MUST WITHHOLD ALL DEVOTIONS; AN OBSCENE TECHNICALITY: SHE IS MY "SISTER!"
I AM GIVEN SOLACE ONLY IN FURTIVE AND UNWHOLESOME REVERIE, THE PURITY OF MY PASSION DISTORTED...
WHAT TORMENT, TO KNOW SO WELL ONE'S OWN CHARACTER!
POOR GEORGE-- SO INNOCENT!

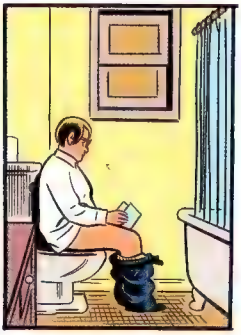
BLUE BUNNY
I'M BACK IN TOWN, KIDS, FRESH-SPRUNG FROM PRISON!
PRIS
NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES
I PAID MY DUES! IT'S ALL ABOUT ME THIS TIME!
WHA' CHOO LOOKIN' AT, DOOSH?
HEY RED, HOW'SABOUTA SUCK-JOB? I BEEN LIVING ON STATE PUSSY FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS!
THAT'S ALRIGHT FOR YOU THEN, BITCH!
SAY!
BAN
NOW HIRING
SORRY, BUT THE POSITION HAS ALREADY BEEN FILLED.
WHO NEEDS YOUR SHITTY JOB? I WON'T STARVE!
HAND IT OVER, GRAMMAW!
GIVE IT!
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
YOWSA!
YOU WON'T TAKE ME DOWN!
I'M ON MY THIRD STRIKE!
HOP!
NO ADMITTANC
MUNITIONS STOCKPILE
I'LL ROAST YOU ALL!
TOOSH
MY EXCUSE IS I HAD A LOUSY UPBRINGING!
HURL
TOP O' THE WORLD, MA!
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! EAT SHIT LOSERS!

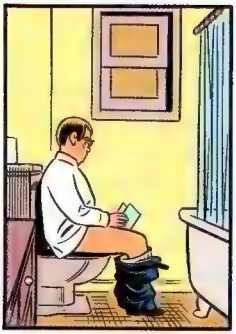
Random Wilder IN TOILET TIME

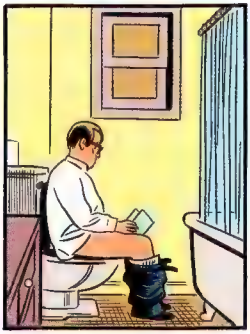


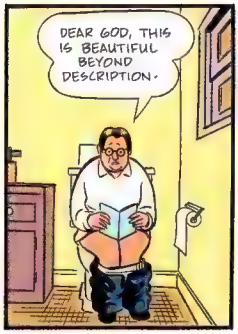


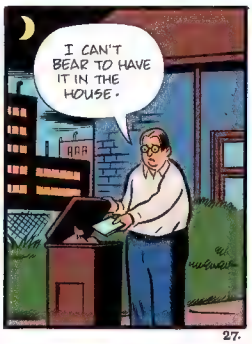




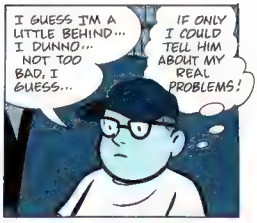


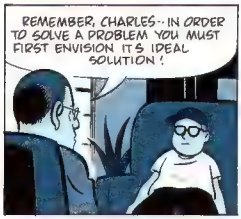


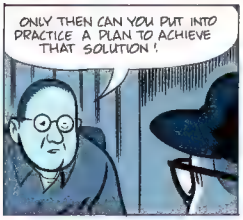


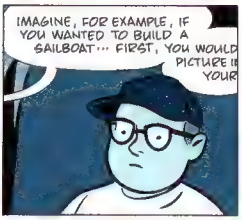


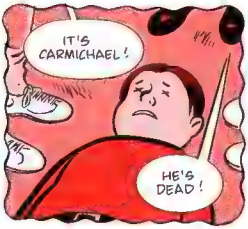
CHARLES *and his* THERAPIST

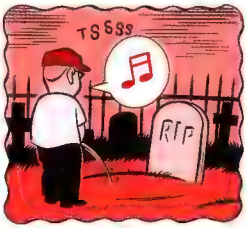


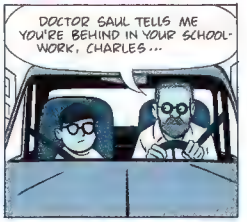


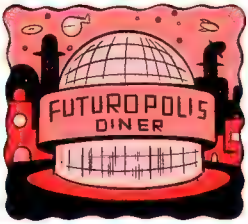


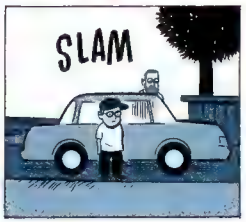


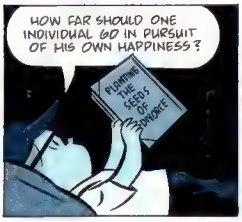






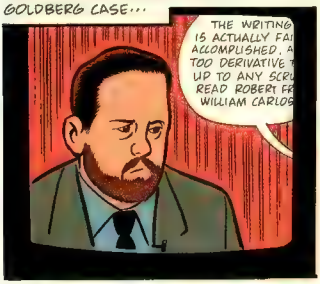






THE RANSOM NOTE

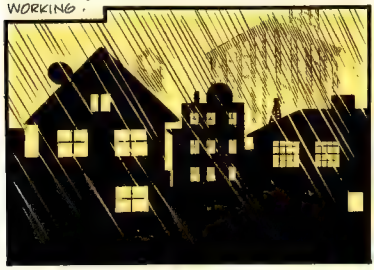
WE HAD BEEN ASKED TO TAPE A SEGMENT FOR A NEWS SHOW IN NEARBY FEDERALS-BURGH TO DISCUSS OUR FINDINGS IN THE GOLDBERG CASE...



THE HOST WAS A REAL PRICK. JUST THE KIND OF GUY I HATE.

I GET SO TIRED OF SMUG PARASITES WHO THINK THEY HAVE THE GOD-GIVEN RIGHT TO SECOND-GUESS THE WORK OF A PROFESSIONAL!

THAT AFTERNOON, WE HAD A DISCUSSION ABOUT THE CASE. MRS. AMES THOUGHT THAT WE SHOULD TAKE A FEW DAYS OFF AND COME BACK TO IT WITH A FRESH PERSPECTIVE. I WANTED TO KEEP WORKING.



MY BEST WORK COMES THROUGH INTUITION AND INSPIRATION, WHILE THE MRS. TREATS HER JOB AS MORE OF A 9-TO-5 KIND OF THING.

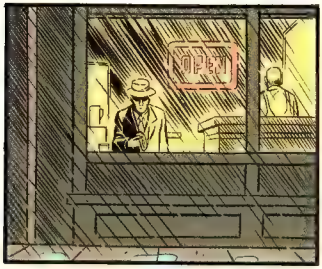
EVEN THOUGH IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, I DECIDED I WOULD GO DOWNTOWN FOR A WALK. I NEEDED SOME TIME ALONE.

THE TRUTH IS, I HAD LOST MY FOCUS. THE THRILL OF A NEW CASE HAD DIED DOWN AND I HAD SETTLED INTO AN UNPRODUCTIVE ROUTINE.

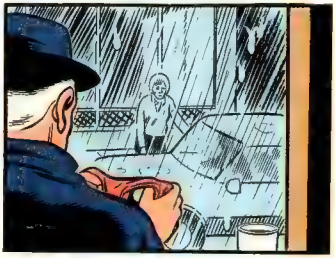
I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I'VE BEEN WONDERING MORE AND MORE WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO START A NEW LIFE WITH SOMEONE ELSE. WHEN I FIRST MET MRS. AMES SHE WAS GOING THROUGH SOME BAD TIMES. MAYBE SOME OF THE EMOTIONS HAVE DIED DOWN A BIT.

I'M ATTRACTED TO PEOPLE WHO ARE IN TROUBLE. I CAN'T HELP IT; I WANT TO SAVE PEOPLE... I'M ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS.

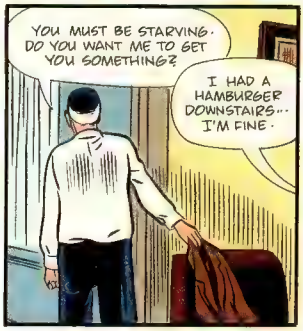
YOU TRY TO DO YOUR JOB THE BEST YOU CAN, BUT SOMETIMES YOU FIND YOURSELF ON AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT CASE THAN THE ONE YOU STARTED OUT WITH.

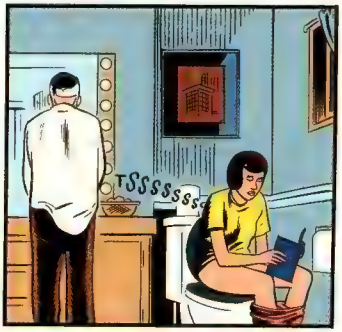


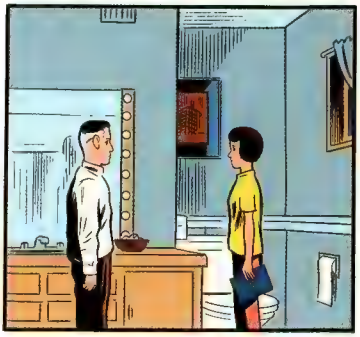
I'M A GUY WHO GOES BY HIS GUT. I TRUST MY INSTINCTS ABOVE ALL, BUT AT A CERTAIN POINT YOU HAVE TO LISTEN TO WHAT THE CLUES ARE TELLING YOU.

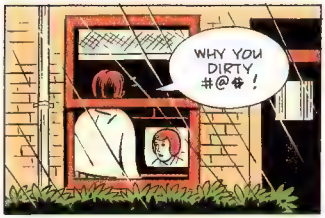


LIKE I SAID, I CAN BE VERY EMOTIONAL AT TIMES. THE TINIEST LITTLE THING CAN SET ME OFF...

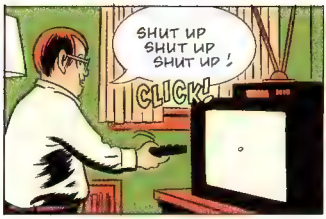


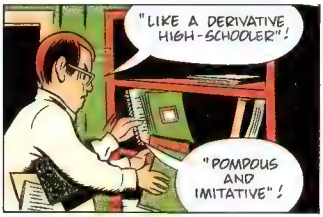


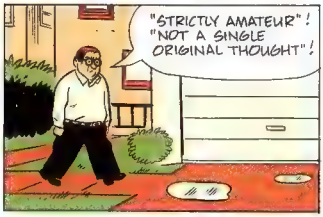


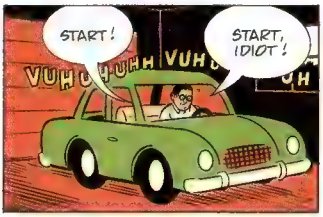


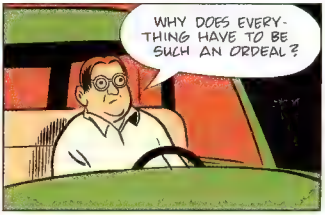
RANDOM WILDER, AGAIN





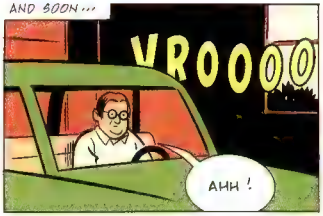


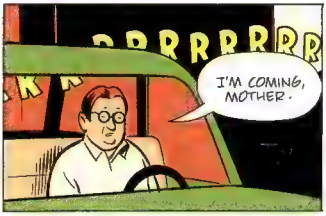




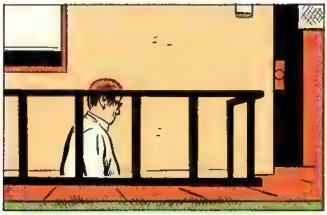
MR. WILDER SUMMONS THE ANNOYING CHILDREN OF HIS NEIGHBOR...

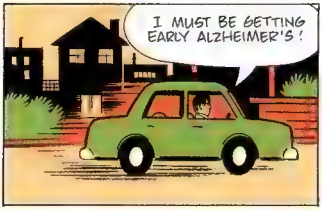
AND SOON...





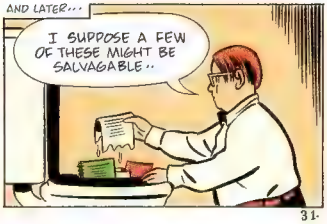
TWENTY MINUTES LATER...





THAT NIGHT, MR. WILDER CRUISES THE AVENUES OF ICE HAVEN, CONTEMPLATING HIS SORRY CONDITION...

AND LATER...

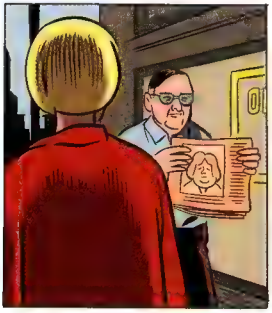


DAVID GOLDBERG IS ALIVE

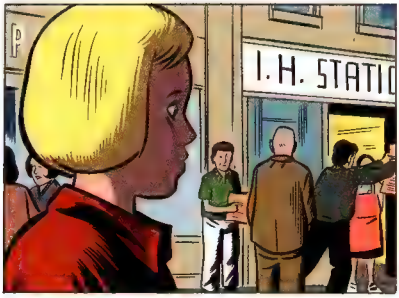
Isn't that the most wonderful news?

Apparently, some creepo had him locked in a room somewhere. They're not too clear on what happened, but he showed up safe and sound in Earley park some time this afternoon.

He's kind of a weird kid…



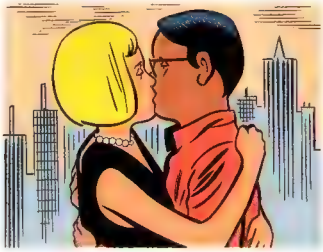
Anyway, the whole town has been going nuts!



Even the girl from the stationery store formerly known as Julie Pathetic-stein, whose real name it turns out is Julie Rathman and who is actually not so bad, was smiling!

As the news spread, a throng of Ice Havenites began to line Similar Street. People were sobbing and hugging perfect strangers and running out into the street.

In all the excitement, the counter-man from Allrite Food Gas wandered toward me, as though he was actually going to talk to me for once!

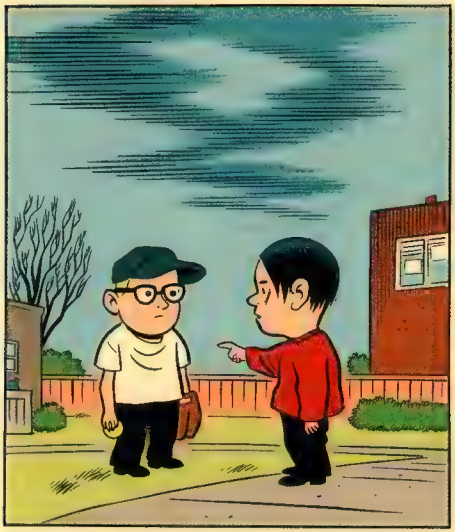


We embraced passionately and ran off together toward the park.

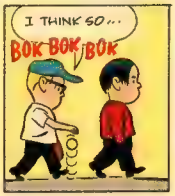
As evening fell, all the people of Ice Haven held hands and began to sing the most spine-chillingly beautiful song, like a beautiful hymn or the last part of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, without any hint of embarrassment or uncertainty.

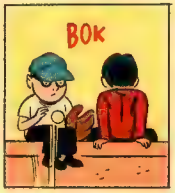
And before long I found myself singing loudest of all, ecstatic in glorious praise that our beloved home had been spared such tragedy!

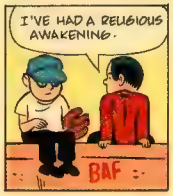
Our Children, Revisited

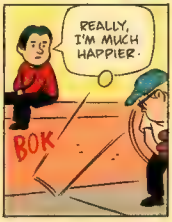


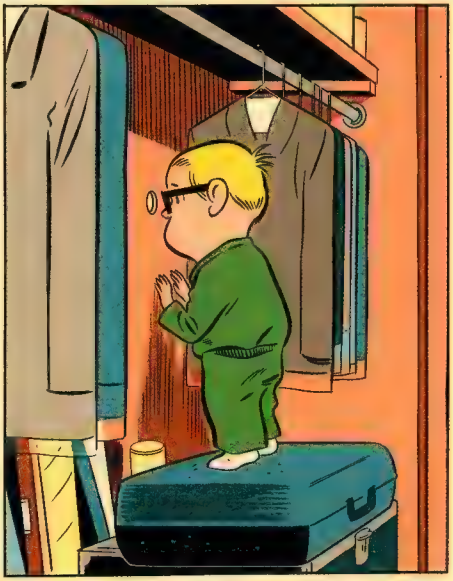
"YOU REALLY THOUGHT I KILLED HIM? MAN, NO OFFENSE, BUT WHAT A CHUMP!"







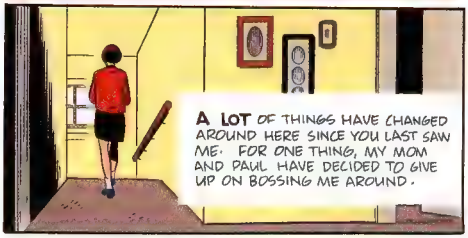




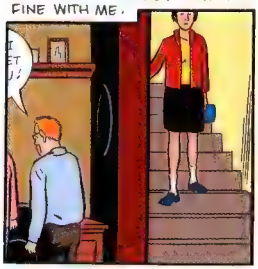
"VIOLET DARLING, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU, AND WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU. NO MATTER WHERE YOU ARE, I WILL BE THINKING OF YOU EVERY MINUTE. I WILL WAIT FOREVER. MY DARLING."

VIOLET

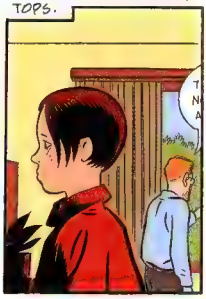
Alone Forever

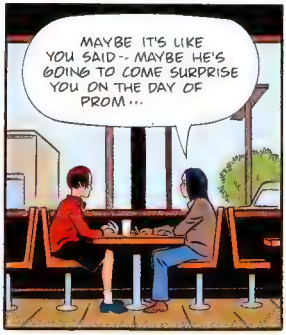


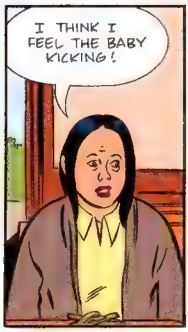
THEY PRETTY MUCH LET ME COME AND GO AS I PLEASE NOW... WE HARDLY EVEN EAT DINNER TOGETHER ANYMORE, WHICH IS FINE WITH ME.



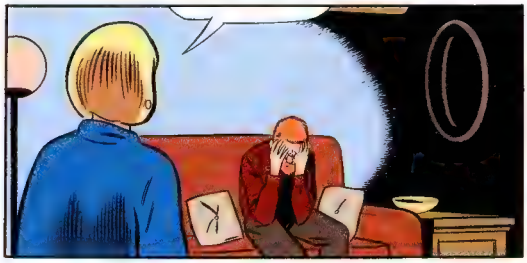
I GIVE THEIR MARRIAGE ANOTHER TWO MONTHS, TOPS.

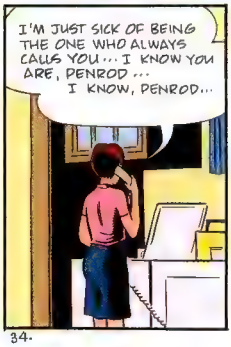






SO I DECIDED TO GO TWO WEEKS WITHOUT CALLING PENROD AT ALL, JUST TO SEE IF HE MISSED ME, WHICH I GUESS HE DIDN'T. MEANWHILE, THE SCENE AT HOME GOT PRETTY INTENSE, WHICH I MYSELF FIND SORT OF HILARIOUS. I MEAN, IT SERVES HER RIGHT!

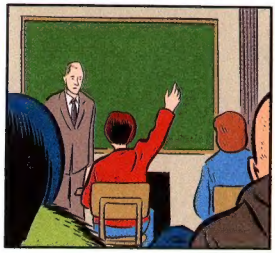




I WISH HE WOULD JUST TELL ME IT'S OVER INSTEAD OF ALWAYS MAKING LAME EXCUSES. HE'S SUCH A COWARD!

WELL I'VE HAD IT! I'M NOT GOING TO LET MYSELF BE TREATED LIKE SHIT BY EVERY SINGLE PERSON IN THE WORLD!

I SPENT THE NEXT TWO WEEKS STUDYING AND ACTUALLY WOUND UP GETTING ALL Bs AND Cs, WHICH IS PRETTY GOOD FOR ME.



I ALSO SPENT A LOT OF TIME AT JULIE'S, GETTING HER ROOM READY FOR THE BABY AND STUFF. SHE HATES HER EX TOO, SO WE GET ALONG NICELY.

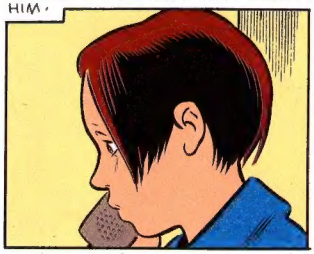
ON THE DAY OF PROM I DECIDED TO GIVE HIM ONE LAST CHANCE. I WAITED ON THE CURB OUTSIDE SCHOOL, JUST STANDING THERE LIKE AN IDIOT, UNTIL 5 O'CLOCK. WHILE ALL THE OTHER KIDS WENT HOME TO GET READY FOR THEIR DATES, I JUST STOOD THERE WAITING, GIVING HIM EVERY LAST CHANCE TO REDEEM HIMSELF.

I TRIED TO IMAGINE WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE IF HE JUST DROVE UP AND TOOK ME AWAY WITH HIM...

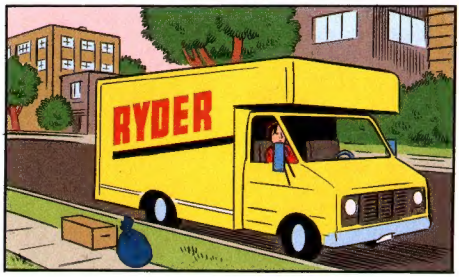
BUT, TO BE HONEST, I COULDN'T REALLY EVEN REMEMBER WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE. WHICH IS WEIRD; I MEAN HE'S SUPPOSEDLY MY HUSBAND.

TWO NIGHTS LATER I WAS MICROWAVING A BOX OF EGG ROLLS (OUR OFFICIAL FOOD) AND DECIDED TO CALL AND TELL HIM IT WAS OFFICIALLY ALL OVER.

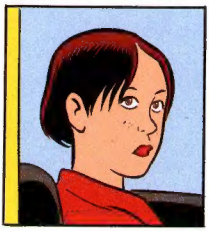
INSTEAD OF HIS MACHINE THERE WAS A MESSAGE SAYING HIS PHONE WAS DISCONNECTED. THIS REALLY SUCKS BECAUSE I WANT HIM TO RETURN ALL THE BABY PICTURES AND PERSONAL STUFF I SENT HIM.



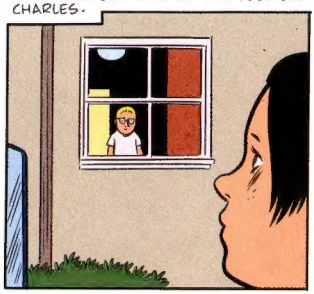
SO NOW, ONE WEEK LATER, I FIND MYSELF HERE IN THIS RYDER TRUCK, WAITING FOR MY MOM TO YELL AT PAUL ONE LAST TIME BEFORE WE MOVE ON.



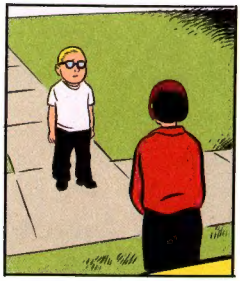
THIS TIME, WE'RE DRIVING TO ARIZONA TO DUMP ALL THIS JUNK AT MY AUNT'S HOUSE AND THEN SUPPOSEDLY WE'RE MOVING TO HAWAII! HEY, IT'S FINE WITH ME.



THE ONLY PERSON IN THIS STUPID TOWN I'M REALLY GOING TO MISS IS POOR OLD CHARLES.



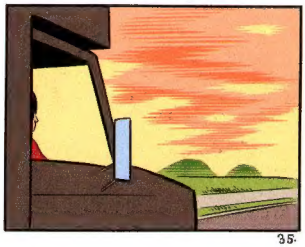
THE POOR KID... HE FINALLY GETS ANOTHER MOM AND SHE RUNS OUT ON HIM TOO...



I'M SURE MY MOM NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT THAT FOR ONE MINUTE, THE HEARTLESS BITCH.

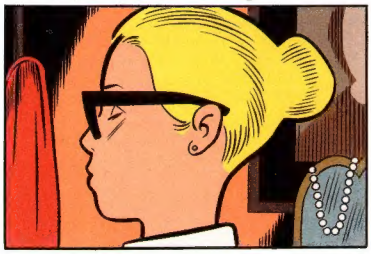
I SORT OF MEAN IT, TOO. I LIKE CHARLES... HE'S ALRIGHT... HE'S DEEP...

I GUESS I'LL ALSO MISS JULIE, AND WATCHING HER BABY GET BORN... THOUGH I GUESS THAT COULD BE PRETTY DEPRESSING, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT... ANYWAY, THAT'S ABOUT IT FOR ME AND ICE HAVEN... BYE, CHARLES.

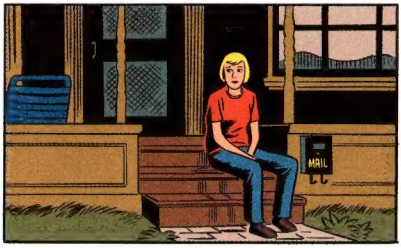


VIDA GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

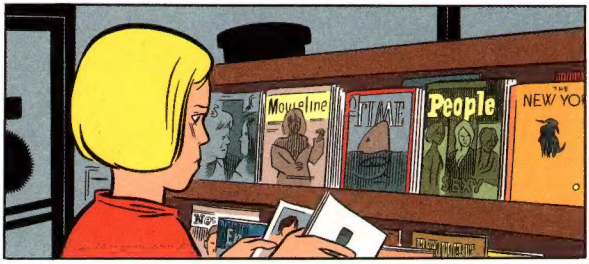
And so, dear reader, I have a very important announcement to make: I am suspending publication of The Weekly. In fact, I don't even intend to publish the words you are now reading.



So how are you reading this, anyway? That's a good question. Are you my future biographer? Are you sitting in the Library of Congress right now, going through my papers? How exciting!

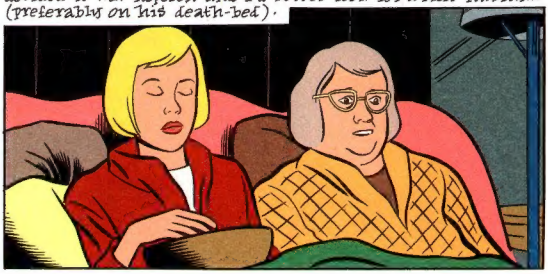


Anyway, I never sold a single copy of the magazine (in fact, Pete Jr. of Pete's books asked me to take back my consignment copies because they were "taking up too much space"!), nor did I get any reviews, nor did any of my so-called heroes write to me.

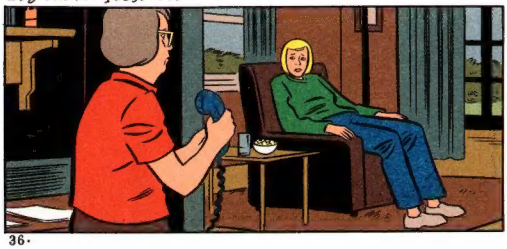


And Mr. Wilder threw his copy in the trash!! Can you imagine my despair? That's what I get for digging through his garbage, I guess.

So that's when I decided to give up all hope of being a writer (a Writer). Boy, talk about a relief... I spent the next two days fantasizing about all the different jobs I could get before I decided it was hopeless and I'd better look for a rich husband (preferably on his death-bed).

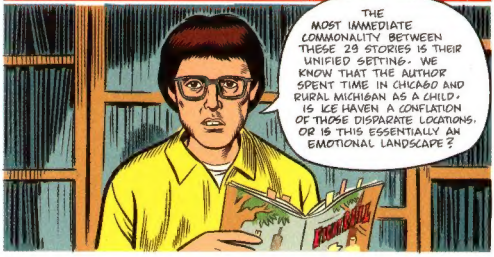


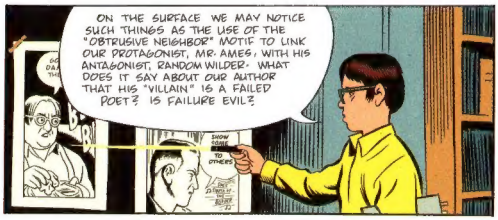
Now here comes the unbelievable part: I was literally sitting there fretting about my future when a phone call came from Hollywood! Someone in the mailroom at TEEN PEOPLE had given some producers a copy of my magazine and I was being summoned immediately to work on a big movie project!!

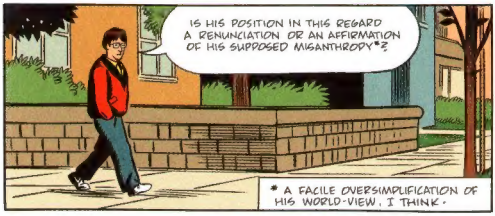


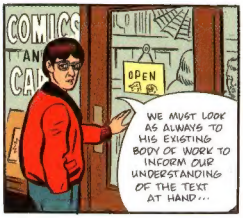
Tomorrow at 11:40 AM I leave for my glamorous new life. I will be the biggest, richest, most popular writer in history! You just watch, dear reader, I'll be the biggest whore ever!!

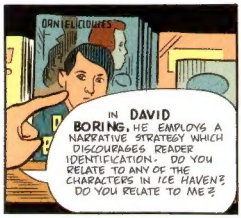
HARRY NAYBORS
Explains Everything

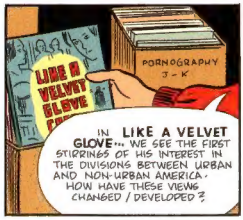


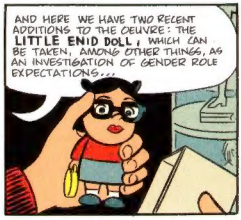


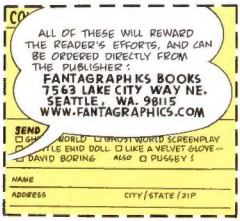


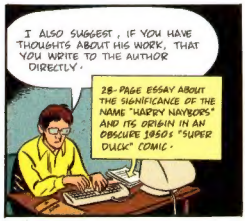












A Pyramid Scan
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